



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

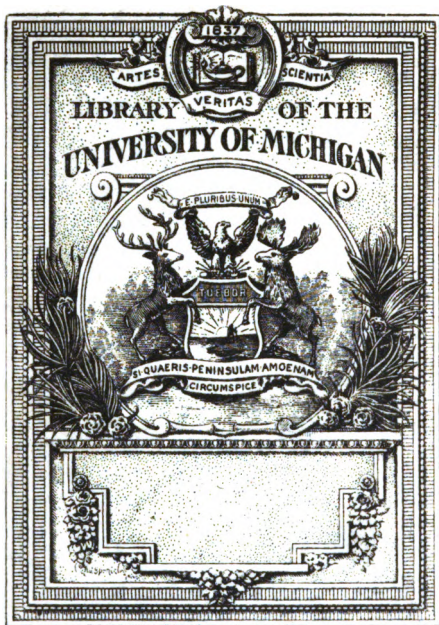
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

· LOVE · POEMS ·

A 1,026,876

OXFORD · GARLANDS



821,2
L58k

OXFORD GARLANDS

LOVE POEMS

SELECTED BY

R. M. LEONARD

**Love that I know, love I am wise in,
R. BRIDGES**

HUMPHREY MILFORD
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON EDINBURGH GLASGOW NEW YORK
TORONTO MELBOURNE BOMBAY
1914

OXFORD: HORACE HART
PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

INDEX OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
ARNOLD, MATTHEW (1822-88)	111, 113
BARNES, WILLIAM (1801-86)	41
BEAUMONT, FRANCIS (1584-1616), AND FLETCHER, JOHN (1579-1625)	103
BEDDOES, THOMAS LOVELL (1803-49)	20
BLAKE, WILLIAM (1757-1827).	18, 51
BRETON, NICHOLAS (1545 ?-1626 ?)	43
BRIDGES, ROBERT (b. 1844)	5, 59, 60
BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT (1806-61)	68, 69, 121
BROWNING, ROBERT (1812-89)	43, 64, 66, 67, 115
BURNS, ROBERT (1759-96)	84, 85, 57, 107
BYRON, GEORGE GORDON, LORD (1788-1824)	16, 17, 89, 108
CAMPION, THOMAS (1587-1620)	26, 27, 75, 93, 94, 95, 98
CAREW, THOMAS (1595 ?-1639 ?)	81, 96
CLOUGH, ARTHUR HUGH (1819-61)	66
COLERIDGE, HARTLEY (1796-1849)	40
COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR (1772-1834)	11, 15, 71
CONGREVE, WILLIAM (1670-1729)	103
COWLEY, ABRAHAM (1618-67)	73
DAVENANT, SIR WILLIAM (1606-68)	84
DOLBEN, DIGBY MACKWORTH (1848-67)	83
DONNE, JOHN (1573-1631)	7, 48, 49, 97
DORSET, CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF (1638-1706)	81
DRAYTON, MICHAEL (1563-1631)	92, 107
EMERSON, RALPH WALDO (1803-82)	9
GREENE, ROBERT (1560 ?-92)	22, 23
HERRICK, ROBERT (1591-1674)	30, 52, 55, 77, 78, 118
HOOD, THOMAS (1799-1845)	36, 38
JONSON, BEN (1573 ?-1637)	28, 29, 72, 76
KEATS, JOHN (1795-1821)	86
LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE (1775-1864)	105, 106, 119, 120

	PAGE
LODGE, THOMAS (1558 ?-1625)	18
LOVELACE, RICHARD (1618-58)	32, 85, 86
LYLY, JOHN (1554 ?-1606)	21
MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER (1564-93)	24, 46
MARVELL, ANDREW (1621-78)	80
MILTON, JOHN (1608-74)	118
PATMORE, COVENTRY KERSEY DIGHTON (1823-96)	117
PEACOCK, THOMAS LOVE (1785-1866)	109
RALEGH, SIR WALTER (1552 ?-1618)	47
ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL (1828-82)	20, 70, 82, 110
SACKVILLE. <i>See</i> DORSET.	
SCOTT, SIR WALTER (1771-1832)	104
SEDLEY, SIR CHARLES (1639 ?-1701)	105
SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM (1564-1616)	6, 7, 25, 26, 45, 74, 90
SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE (1792-1822)	16, 40, 56, 118
SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP (1554-86)	44, 58, 99
SOUTHEY, ROBERT (1774-1843)	15
SUCKLING, SIR JOHN (1609-42)	102
TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD (1809-92)	33, 58, 62, 63
VAUGHAN, HENRY (1622-95)	90
VERE, AUBREY THOMAS DE (1814-1902)	89
WALLER, EDMUND (1606-87)	32, 79
WATTS-DUNTON, THEODORE (1832-1914)	111
WHITEHEAD, WILLIAM (1715-85)	96
WITHER, GEORGE (1588-1667)	100
WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM (1770-1850)	114, 119
UNKNOWN	54, 70, 74

LOVE

LOVE THAT I KNOW

Love that I know, love I am wise in, love,
My strength, my pride, my grace, my skill untaught,
My faith here upon earth, my hope above,
My contemplation and perpetual thought :

 The pleasure of my fancy, my heart's fire, 5
My joy, my peace, my praise, my happy theme,
The aim of all my doing, my desire
Of being, my life by day, by night my dream :

Love, my sweet melancholy, my distress,
My pain, my doubt, my trouble, my despair, 10
My only folly and unhappiness,
And in my careless moments still my care :

 O love, sweet love, earthly love, love divine,
Say'st thou to-day, O love, that thou art mine ?

R. BRIDGES.

THE TRUE PROMETHEAN FIRE

FROM women's eyes this doctrine I derive ;
They are the ground, the books, the academes,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.
——Love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain, 5
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye ; 10
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind ;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopped :
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails ; 15
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste.
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides ?
Subtle as Sphinx ; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair ; 20
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were tempered with Love's sighs ;
O ! then his lines would ravish savage ears, 25
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;

They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain and nourish all the world : 30
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

LET ME NOT TO THE MARRIAGE

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove :
O, no ! it is an ever-fixed mark, 5
That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth 's unknown, although his height be
taken.
Love 's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come ; 10
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

THE UNDERTAKING

I HAVE done one braver thing
Than all the Worthies did,
And yet a braver thence doth spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

GIVE ALL TO LOVE

GIVE all to love ;
Obey thy heart ;
Friends, kindred, days,
Estate, good-fame,
Plans, credit, and the Muse,— 5
Nothing refuse.

'Tis a brave master ;
Let it have scope :
Follow it utterly,
Hope beyond hope : 10
High and more high
It dives into noon,
With wing unspent,
Untold intent ;
But it is a god, 15
Knows its own path,
And the outlets of the sky.

It was not for the mean ;
It requireth courage stout,
Souls above doubt, 20
Valour unbending ;
Such 'twill reward,—
They shall return
More than they were,
And ever ascending 25

Leave all for love ;
Yet, hear me, yet,
One word more thy heart behoved,
One pulse more of firm endeavour,—
Keep thee to-day, 30
To-morrow, for ever,
Free as an Arab
Of thy beloved.

Cling with life to the maid ;
But when the surprise, 35
First vague shadow of surmise,
Flits across her bosom young
Of a joy apart from thee,
Free be she, fancy-free ;
Nor thou detain her vesture's hem, 40
Nor the palest rose she flung
From her summer diadem.

Though thou loved her as thyself,
As a self of purer clay,
Though her parting dims the day, 45
Stealing grace from all alive ;
Heartily know,
When half-gods go,
The gods arrive.

R. W. EMERSON.

LOVE

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I 5
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve ; 10
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve !

She leaned against the armèd man,
The statue of the armèd knight ;
She stood and listened to my lay, 15
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope ! my joy ! my Genevieve !
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve. 20

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush, 25
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand ; 30
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined : and ah !
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love, 35
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace ;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face ! 40

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night ;

That sometimes from the savage den, 45
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright ; 50
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight !

And that unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death 55
The Lady of the Land !

And how she wept, and clasped his knees ;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain ;— 60

And that she nursed him in a cave ;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay ;—

His dying words—but when I reached 65
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity !

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve ; 70
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve ;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued, 75
Subdued and cherished long !

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love, and virgin-shame ;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name. 80

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she stepped—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms, 85
She pressed me with a meek embrace ;
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art, 90
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride ;
And so I won my Genevieve, 95
My bright and beauteous Bride.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

REASON FOR LOVE'S BLINDNESS

I HAVE heard of reasons manifold
Why Love must needs be blind,
But this the best of all I hold—
His eyes are in his mind.

What outward form and feature are 5
He guesseth but in part;
But that within is good and fair
He seeth with the heart.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

LOVE INDESTRUCTIBLE

THEY sin who tell us Love can die.
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In Heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
Nor Avarice in the vaults of Hell; 5
Earthly these passions of the Earth,
They perish where they have their birth;
But Love is indestructible.
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth; 10
Too oft on Earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest;
It soweth here with toil and care, 15
But the harvest time of Love is there.

R. SOUTHEY.

THE LOVE OF MAN AND OF WOMAN

MAN's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence ; man may range
The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart ;
Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange
Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart, 5
And few there are whom these cannot estrange ;
Men have all these resources, we but one,
To love again, and be again undone.

LORD BYRON.

WHEN THE LAMP IS SHATTERED

WHEN the lamp is shattered
The light in the dust lies dead—
When the cloud is scattered
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken, 5
Sweet tones are remembered not ;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and the lute, 10
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute :—
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges 15
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,
 Love first leaves the well-built nest ;
 The weak one is singled
 To endure what it once possessed. 20
 O Love ! who bewailest
 The frailty of all things here,
 Why choose you the frailest
 For your cradle, your home, and your bier ?
 Its passions will rock thee 25
 As the storms rock the ravens on high ;
 Bright reason will mock thee,
 Like the sun from a wintry sky.
 From thy nest every rafter
 Will rot, and thine eagle home 30
 Leave thee naked to laughter,
 When leaves fall and cold winds come.
 P. B. SHELLEY.

THE FATALITY OF LOVE

OH, Love ! what is it in this world of ours
 Which makes it fatal to be loved ? Ah why
 With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy
 bowers,
 And made thy best interpreter a sigh ?
 As those who dote on odours pluck the flowers, 5
 And place them on their breast—but place to die—
 Thus the frail beings we would fondly cherish
 Are laid within our bosoms but to perish.
 LORD BYRON.

THE CLOD AND THE PEBBLE

' Love seeketh not itself to please,
Nor for itself hath any care,
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a Heaven in Hell's despair.'

So sung a little clod of clay, 5
Trodden with the cattle's feet,
But a pebble of the brook
Warbled out these metres meet :

' Love seeketh only self to please,
To bind another to its delight, 10
Joys in another's loss of ease,
And builds a Hell in Heaven's despite.'

W. BLAKE.

LOVE, IN MY BOSOM, LIKE A BEE

Love, in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet.
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest, 5
His bed amidst my tender breast,
My kisses are his daily feast ;
And yet he robs me of my rest !
Ah ! wanton, will ye ?

And if I sleep, then percheth he,
 With pretty flight,
 And makes his pillow of my knee
 The livelong night.
 Strike I my lute, he tunes the string ;
 He music plays if so I sing,
 He lends me every lovely thing,
 Yet cruel he my heart doth sting :
 Whist, wanton, still ye !

15

Else I with roses every day
 Will whip you hence,
 And bind you, when you long to play,
 For your offence.
 I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in ;
 I'll make you fast it for your sin ;
 I'll count your power not worth a pin.
 —Alas ! what hereby shall I win,
 If he gainsay me ?

20

25

What if I beat the wanton boy
 With many a rod ?
 He will repay me with annoy
 Because a god !
 Then sit thou safely on my knee ;
 Then let thy bower my bosom be ;
 Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee ;
 O Cupid, so thou pity me.
 Spare not, but play thee !

30

35

T. LODGE.

LOVE'S LOVERS

SOME ladies love the jewels in Love's zone
 And gold-tipped darts he hath for painless play
 In idle scornful hours he flings away ;
 And some that listen to his lute's soft tone
 Do love to vaunt the silver praise their own ; 5
 Some prize his blindfold sight ; and there be they
 Who kissed his wings which brought him yesterday
 And thank his wings to-day that he is flown.

My lady only loves the heart of Love :
 Therefore Love's heart, my lady, hath for thee
 His bower of unimagined flower and tree : 11
 There kneels he now, and all-anhungered of
 Thine eyes grey-lit in shadowing hair above,
 Seals with thy mouth his immortality.

D. G. ROSSETTI.

IF THOU WILT EASE THINE HEART

If thou wilt ease thine heart
 Of love and all its smart,
 Then sleep, dear, sleep ;
 And not a sorrow
 Hang any tear on your eye-lashes ; 5
 Lie still and deep,
 Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
 The rim o' the sun to-morrow,
 In eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart 10
 Of love and all its smart,
 Then die, dear, die ;
 'Tis deeper, sweeter,
 Than on a rose-bank to lie dreaming
 With folded eye ; 15
 And there alone, amid the beaming
 Of love's stars, thou'lt meet her
 In eastern sky.

T. L. BEDDOES.

CUPID AND MY CAMPASPE

CUPID and my Campaspe played
 At cards for kisses, Cupid paid ;
 He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
 His mother's doves, and team of sparrows ;
 Loses them too ; then, down he throws 5
 The coral of his lip, the rose
 Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how),
 With these, the crystal of his brow,
 And then the dimple of his chin :
 All these did my Campaspe win. 10
 At last he set her both his eyes ;
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
 O Love ! has she done this to thee ?
 What shall (alas !) become of me ?

J. LYLY,

FAWNIA

AH ! were she pitiful as she is fair,
Or but as mild as she is seeming so,
Then were my hopes greater than my despair ;
Then all the world were heaven, nothing woe.
Ah ! were her heart relenting as her hand, 5
That seems to melt e'en with the mildest touch,
Then knew I where to seat me in a land
Under the wide heavens, but yet not such :
Just as she shows, so seems the budding rose,
Yet sweeter far than is an earthly flower ; 10
Sovereign of Beauty ! like the spray she grows,
Compassed she is with thorns and cankered bower :
Yet were she willing to be plucked and worn,
She would be gathered, though she grew on thorn.

Ah ! when she sings, all music else be still, 15
For none must be comparèd to her note ;
Ne'er breathed such glee from Philomela's bill ;
Nor from the Morning-Singer's swelling throat.
Ah ! when she riseth from her blissful bed,
She comforts all the world, as doth the sun ; 20
And at her sight the night's foul vapour's fled ;
When she is set, the gladsome day is done :
O glorious Sun ! imagine me the west,
Shine in my arms, and set thou in my breast !

R. GREENE.

SAMELA

LIKE to Diana in her summer weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
 goes fair Samela.

Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
When washed by Arethusa's Fount they lie,
is fair Samela.

As fair Aurora in her morning grey,
Decked with the ruddy glister of her love,
is fair Samela.

Like lovely Thetis on a calmèd day, 10
When as her brightness Neptune's fancy move,
shines fair Samela.

Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams,
Her teeth are pearl, the breasts are ivory
of fair Samela.

Her cheeks like rose and lily yield forth gleams,
Her brows bright arches framed of ebony :
 thus fair Samela

Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,
And Juno in the show of majesty,
for she's Samela ;

Pallas, in wit—all three, if you well view,
For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity
yield to Samela.

R. GREENE.

HELEN

WAS this the face that launched a thousand ships,
 And burned the topless towers of Ilium ?—
 Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss !—
 Her lips suck forth my soul : see where it flies !—
 Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again. 5
 Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
 And all is dross that is not Helena.
 I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
 Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberg be sacked,
 And I will combat with weak Menelaus, 10
 And wear thy colours on my plumèd crest
 Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
 And then return to Helen for a kiss.
 Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air
 Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars ; 15
 Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
 When he appeared to hapless Semele ;
 More lovely than the monarch of the sky
 In wanton Arethusa's azured arms ;
 And none but thou shalt be my paramour ! 20

C. MARLOWE.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

It lies not in our power to love or hate,
 For will in us is overruled by fate.
 When two are stripped, long ere the course begin,
 We wish that one should lose, the other win ;

And one especially do we affect 5
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect :
The reason no man knows ; let it suffice
What we behold is censured by our eyes.
Where both deliberate, the love is slight :
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight ? 10

C. MARLOWE.

SHALL I COMPARE THEE

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day ?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate :
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date :
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines, 5
And often is his gold complexion dimmed ;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimmed ;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ; 10
Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest ;
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

WHO WILL BELIEVE MY VERSE

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were filled with your most high deserts ?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes 5
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, ' This poet lies ;
Such heavenly touches ne'er touched earthly faces.'
So should my papers, yellowed with their age,
Be scorned, like old men of less truth than tongue,
And your true rights be termed a poet's rage 11
And stretchèd metre of an antique song :
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice—in it and in my rhyme.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

THERE IS A GARDEN

THERE is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow ;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
There cherries grow, which none may buy 5
Till Cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row ;

Which, when her lovely laughter shows,
 They look like rosebuds filled with snow. 10
 Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy,
 Till Cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still ;
 Her brows like bended bows do stand,
 Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill 15
 All that attempt with eye or hand
 These sacred cherries to come nigh,
 Till Cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

T. CAMPION.

ROSE-CHEEKED LAURA

ROSE-CHEEKED Laura, come ;
 Sing thou smoothly with thy beauty's
 Silent music, either other
 Sweetly gracing.

Lovely forms do flow 5
 From consent divinely framèd ;
 Heaven is music, and thy beauty's
 Birth is heavenly.

These dull notes we sing
 Discords need for helps to grace them ; 10
 Only beauty purely loving
 Knows no discord,

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touched it ?
Have you marked but the fall o' the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it ?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver ? 25
Or swan's down ever ?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier ?
Or the nard in the fire ?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee ?
O so white ! O so soft ! O so sweet is she ! 30
B. JONSON.

TO CELIA

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise, 5
Doth ask a drink divine :
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.
I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee, 10
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me :
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, 15
Not of itself, but thee.

B. JONSON.

TO ANTHEA, WHO MAY COMMAND HIM
ANYTHING

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be ;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind, 5
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honour thy decree ; 10
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
While I have eyes to see ;
And, having none, yet I will keep 15
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
Under that cypress tree ;
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en Death, to die for thee. 20

[Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me ;
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

R. HERRICK.

ASK ME NO MORE WHERE JOVE BESTOWS

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose ;
For in your beauty's orient deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray 5
The golden atoms of the day ;
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past ; 10
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars 'light
That downwards fall in dead of night ;
For in your eyes they sit, and there 15
Fixèd become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
The Phoenix builds her spicy nest ;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies. 20

T. CAREW.

TO AMARANTHA

That she would dishevel her hair.

AMARANTHA, sweet and fair,
Ah, braid no more that shining hair !
As my curious hand or eye
Hovering round thee, let it fly.

Let it fly as unconfined 5
As its calm ravisher the wind,
Who hath left his darling, the east,
To wanton o'er that spicy nest.

Every tress must be confessed ;
But neatly tangled at the best ; 10
Like a clue of golden thread
Most excellently ravellèd.

Do not, then, wind up that light
In ribbons, and o'ercloud in night,
Like the sun in 's early ray ; 15
But shake your head and scatter day.

R. LOVELACE.

ON A GIRDLE

THAT which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind :
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere, 5
 The pale which held that lovely dear :
 My joy, my grief, my hope, my love
 Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass ! and yet there
 Dwelt all that 's good, and' all that 's fair : 10
 Give me but what this ribbon bound,
 Take all the rest the sun goes round.

E. WALLER.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER

It is the miller's daughter,
 And she is grown so dear, so dear, .
 That I would be the jewel
 That trembles at her ear :
 For hid in ringlets day and night, 5
 I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle
 About her dainty, dainty waist,
 And' her heart would beat against me,
 In sorrow and in rest : 10
 And I should know if it beat right,
 I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,
And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom, 15
With her laughter or her sighs,
And I would lie so light, so light,
I scarce should be unclasped at night.

LORD TENNYSON.

MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED RED ROSE

My love is like a red red rose
That 's newly sprung in June :
My love is like the melodie
That 's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass, 5
So deep in love am I :
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun : 10
And I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only love,
And fare thee weel awhile !
And I will come again, my love, 15
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

R. BURNS.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw
I dearly like the West,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best :
There wild woods grow, and rivers row, 5
And mony a hill between ;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair : 10
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air :
There 's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green ;
There 's not a bonnie bird that sings, 15
But minds me o' my Jean.

R. BURNS.

BONNIE LESLEY

O, SAW ye bonnie Lesley
As she gaed o'er the Border ?
She 's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her, 5
And love but her for ever ;
For Nature made her what she is,
And never made anither !

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee : 10
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The Deil he couldna skaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee ;
He'd look into thy bonnie face, 15
And say :—' I canna wrang thee.'

The Powers aboon will tent thee,
Misfortune sha'na steer thee ;
Thou'rt like themselves, sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee. 20

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie !
That we may brag we hae a lass
There's nane again sae bonnie.

R. BURNS,

FAIR INES

OH, saw ye not fair Ines ?
She's gone into the West,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest :
She took our daylight with her, 5
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

Oh, turn again, fair Ines,
Before the fall of night, 10
For fear the Moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivalled bright ;
And blessèd will the lover be
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek 15
I dare not even write !

Would I had been, fair Ines,
That gallant cavalier,
Who rode so gaily by thy side,
And whispered thee so near !— 20
Were there no bonny dames at home
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear ?

I saw thee, lovely Ines, 25
Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before ;
And gentle youth and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes they wore ;— 30
It would have been a beauteous dream,
—If it had been no more.

Alas, alas, fair Ines,
She went away with song,
With Music waiting on her steps, 35
And shoutings of the throng ;

But some were sad, and felt no mirth,
But only Music's wrong,
In sounds that sang Farewell, farewell,
To her you've loved so long. 40

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines,
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danced so light before,—
Alas for pleasure on the sea, 45
And sorrow on the shore !
The smile that blessed one lover's heart
Has broken many more !

T. Hood.

RUTH

SHE stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush, 5
Deeply ripened ;—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell, 10
But long lashes veiled a light,
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim;—
Thus she stood amid the stooks, 15
Praising God with sweetest looks :—
Sure, I said, heaven did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home. 20

T. HOOD,

THERE BE NONE OF BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee ;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me :
When, as if its sound were causing 5
The charmèd ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lulled winds seem dreaming :
And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep ; 10
Whose breast is gently heaving,
As an infant's asleep :
So the spirit bows before thee,
To listen and adore thee ;
With a full but soft emotion, 15
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

LORD BYRON,

ONE WORD IS TOO OFTEN PROFANED

ONE word is too often profaned
For me to profane it,
One feeling too falsely disdained
For thee to disdain it;
One hope is too like despair 5
For prudence to smother,
And pity from thee more dear
Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love,
But wilt thou accept not 10
The worship the heart lifts above
And the Heavens reject not,—
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar 15
From the sphere of our sorrow?

P. B. SHELLEY.

SHE IS NOT FAIR TO OUTWARD VIEW

SHE is not fair to outward view
As many maidens be ;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me ;
O, then I saw her eye was bright, 5
A well of love, a spring of light !

But now her looks are coy and cold,
To mine they ne'er reply,
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye :
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

10

H. COLERIDGE.

BLACKMWORE MAIDENS

THE primrrose in the sheāde do blow,
The cowslip in the zun,
The thyme upon the down do grow,
The clote where streams do run ;
An' where do pretty maïdens grow
An' blow, but where the tow'r
Do rise among the bricken tuns,
In Blackmwore by the Stour.

5

If you could zee their comely gaît,
An' pretty feāces' smiles,
A-trippèn on so light o' waïght,
An' steppèn off the stiles ;
A-gwaïn to church, as bells do swing
An' ring within the tow'r,
You'd own the pretty maïdens' pleāce
Is Blackmwore by the Stour.

10

15

If you vrom Wimborne took your road,
To Stower or Paladore,
An' all the farmers' housen show'd
Their daughters at the door ; 20
You'd cry to bachelors at hwome—
' Here, come : 'ithin an hour
You'll vind ten maidens to your mind,
In Blackmwore by the Stour.'

An' if you look'd 'ithin their door, 25
To zee em in their pleäce,
A-doèn housework up avore
Their smilèn mother's feäce ;
You'd cry—' Why, if a man would wive
An' thrive, 'ithout a dow'r, 30
Then let en look en out a wife
In Blackmwore by the Stour.'

As I upon my road did pass
A school-house back in Maj,
There out upon the beäten grass 35
Wer maidens at their play ;
An' as the pretty souls did tweil
An' smile, I cried, ' The flow'r
O' beauty, then, is still in bud
In Blackmwore by the Stour.' 40

W. BARNES.

SONG

NAY but you, who do not love her,
Is she not pure gold, my mistress ?
Holds earth aught—speak truth—above her ?
Aught like this tress, see, and this tress,
And this last fairest tress of all, 5
So fair, see, ere I let it fall ?

Because, you spend your lives in praising ;
To praise, you search the wide world over :
So, why not witness, calmly gazing,
If earth holds aught—speak truth—above her ?
Above this tress, and this I touch 11
But cannot praise, I love so much !

R. BROWNING.

IN THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY

IN the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
Forth I walked by the wood-side,
Whenas May was in his pride :
There I spied all alone 5
Phillida and Corydon.
Much ado there was, God wot !
He would love and she would not.
She said, Never man was true ;
He said, None was false to you. 10

He said, He had loved her long ;
 She said, Love should have no wrong.
 Corydon would kiss her then ;
 She said, Maids must kiss no men
 Till they did for good and all ; 15
 Then she made the shepherd call
 All the heavens to witness truth
 Never loved a truer youth.
 Thus with many a pretty oath,
 Yea and nay, faith and troth, 20
 Such as silly shepherds use
 When they will not love abuse,
 Love, which had been long deluded,
 Was with kisses sweet concluded ;
 And Phillida with garlands gay 25
 Was made the Lady of the May.

N. BRETON.

MY TRUE LOVE HATH MY HEART ✓

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
 By just exchange one for another given :
 I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss ;
 There never was a better bargain driven :
 My true love hath my heart, and I have his. 5
 His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
 My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides :
 He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
 I cherish his because in me it bides :
 My true love hath my heart, and I have his. 10

SIR P. SIDNEY.

IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,

In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding ; 5
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, &c. 10

This carol they began that hour,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In the spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time, 15

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino ;
For love is crowned with the prime

In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding ;
Sweet lovers love the spring. 20

W. SHAKESPEARE.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

COME live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks 5
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies, 10
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Fair lined slippers for the cold, 15
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds
With coral clasps and amber studs :
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love. 20

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning :
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

C. MARLOWE.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE SHEPHERD

IF all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

But Time drives flocks from field to fold, 5
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold ;
And Philomel becometh dumb ;
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade ; and wanton fields 10
To wayward winter reckoning yields :
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten, 15
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move 20
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

SIR W. RALEGH.

THE GOOD-MORROW

I WONDER, by my troth, what thou and I
Did, till we loved ? were we not weaned till then ?
But sucked on country pleasures, childishly ?
Or snorted we in the Seven Sleepers' den ?
'Twas so ; but this, all pleasures fancies be. 5
If ever any beauty I did see,
Which I desired, and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking souls,
Which watch not one another out of fear ;
For love all love of other sights controls, 10
And makes one little room an everywhere.
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,
Let maps to other, worlds on worlds have shown,
Let us possess one world, each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears, 15
And true plain hearts do in the faces rest,
Where can we find two better hemispheres
Without sharp north, without declining west ?
What ever dies, was not mixed equally ;
If our two loves be one, or, thou and I 20
Love so alike that none do slacken, none can die.

J. DONNE.

THE ECSTASY

WHERE, like a pillow on a bed,
 A pregnant bank swelled up, to rest
 The violet's reclining head,
 Sat we two, one another's best.
 Our hands were firmly cemented 5
 With a fast balm, which thence did spring,
 Our eye-beams twisted, and did thread
 Our eyes upon one double string ;
 So to intergraft our hands, as yet
 Was all the means to make us one, 10
 And pictures in our eyes to get
 Was all our propagation.
 As 'twixt two equal armies, Fate
 Suspends uncertain victory,
 Our souls (which to advance their state 15
 Were gone out) hung 'twixt her and me.
 And whilst our souls negotiate there,
 We like sepulchral statues lay ;
 All day the same our postures were,
 And we said nothing all the day. 20
 If any, so by love refined
 That he souls' language understood,
 And by good love were grown all mind,
 Within convenient distance stood,
 He (though he knew not which soul spake, 25
 Because both meant, both spake the same)
 Might thence a new concoction take,
 And part far purer than he came.

O.G.—LOVE

D

This ecstasy doth unperplex
(We said) and tell us what we love, 30
We see by this it was not sex,
We see we saw not what did move :
But as all several souls contain
Mixture of things, they know not what,
Love these mixed souls doth mix again, 35
And makes both one, each this and that.
A single violet transplant,
The strength, the colour, and the size
(All which before was poor and scant),
Redoubles still and multiplies. 40
When love, with one another so
Interinanimates two souls,
That abler soul, which thence doth flow,
Defects of loneliness controls.
We then, who are this new soul, know 45
Of what we are composed and made,
For the atomies of which we grow
Are souls, whom no change can invade.
But O alas, so long, so far
Our bodies why do we forbear ? 50
They are ours, though they are not we, we are
The intelligences, they the sphere.
We owe them thanks, because they thus
Did us, to us, at first convey,
Yielded their forces, sense, to us, 55
Nor are dross to us, but allay.
On man heaven's influence works not so,
But that it first imprints the air,

So soul into the soul may flow,
 Though it to body first repair. 60
 As our blood labours to beget
 Spirits, as like souls as it can,
 Because such fingers need to knit
 That subtle knot which makes us man :
 So must pure lovers' souls descend 65
 To affections, and to faculties,
 Which sense may reach and apprehend,
 Else a great prince in prison lies.
 To our bodies turn we then, that so
 Weak men on love revealed may look ; 70
 Love's mysteries in souls do grow,
 But yet the body is his book.
 And if some lover, such as we,
 Have heard this dialogue of one,
 Let him still mark us, he shall see 75
 Small change, when we are to bodies gone.

J. DONNE.

NEVER SEEK TO TELL THY LOVE

NEVER seek to tell thy love,
 Love that never told can be ;
 For the gentle wind does move
 Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love, 5
 I told her all my heart ;
 Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears,
 Ah ! she doth depart.

Soon as she was gone from me,
 A traveller came by, 10
 Silently, invisibly :
 He took her with a sigh.

W. BLAKE.

TO HIS MISTRESS, OBJECTING TO HIM NEITHER TOYING OR TALKING

You say I love not, 'cause I do not play
 Still with your curls, and kiss the time away.
 You blame me, too, because I can't devise
 Some sport, to please those babies in your eyes ;
 By love's religion, I must here confess it, 5
 The most I love when I the least express it.
 Small griefs find tongues ; full casks are ever found
 To give, if any, yet but little sound.
 Deep waters noiseless are ; and this we know,
 That chiding streams betray small depth below. 10
 So when love speechless is, she doth express
 A depth in love, and that depth bottomless.
 Now since my love is tongueless, know me such,
 Who speak but little, 'cause I love so much.

R. HERRICK.

INSPIRATION

I NEVER drank of Aganippe well,
Nor ever did in shade of Tempe sit,
And Muses scorn with vulgar brains to dwell ;
Poor layman I, for sacred rites unfit,
Some do I hear of poets' fury tell, 5
But, God wot, wot not what they mean by it ;
And this I swear by blackest brook of hell,
I am no pick-purse of another's wit.
How falls it then, that with so smooth an ease 9
My thoughts I speak ; and what I speak doth flow
In verse, and that my verse best wits doth please ?
Guess we the cause ? What, is it this ? Fie, no.
Or so ? Much less. How then ? Sure thus it is,
My lips are sweet, inspired with Stella's kiss.

SIR P. SIDNEY.

NO MORE, MY DEAR

No more, my dear, no more these counsels try ;
O give my passions leave to run their race ;
Let Fortune lay on me her worst disgrace ;
Let folk o'ercharged with brain against me cry ;
Let clouds bedim my face, break in mine eye ; 5
Let me no steps but of lost labour trace ;
Let all the earth in scorn recount my case,
But do not will me from my love to fly.

I do not envy Aristotle's wit,
Nor do aspire to Caesar's bleeding fame ; 10
Nor aught do care though some above me sit ;
Nor hope nor wish another course to frame,
But that which once may win thy cruel heart.
Thou art my wit, and thou my virtue art.

SIR P. SIDNEY.

WHEN MOLLY SMILES

WHEN Molly smiles beneath her cow,
I feel my heart—I can't tell how ;
When Molly is on Sunday dressed,
On Sundays I can take no rest.

What can I do ? on worky days 5
I leave my work on her to gaze.
What shall I say ? At sermons, I
Forget the text when Molly's by.

Good master curate, teach me how
To mind your preaching and my plough : 10
And if for this you'll raise a spell,
A good fat goose shall thank you well.

UNKNOWN.

THE NIGHT-PIECE, TO JULIA

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee ;
 And the elves also,
 Whose little eyes glow,
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee. 5

No Will-o'-the-wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee ;
 But on, on thy way,
 Not making a stay,
Since ghost there 's none to affright thee. 10

Let not the dark thee cumber ;
What though the moon does slumber ?
 The stars of the night
 Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear, without number. 15

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me ;
 And when I shall meet
 Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee. 20

R. HERRICK.

LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright :
I arise from dreams of thee, 5
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me—who knows how ?
To thy chamber window, sweet !

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream— 10
The Champak odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream ;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart ;—
As I must on thine, 15
Oh, belovèd as thou art !

Oh lift me from the grass !
I die, I faint, I fail !
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale. 20
My cheek is cold and white, alas !
My heart beats loud and fast ;—
Oh ! press it to thine own again,
Where it will break at last.

P. B. SHELLEY.

MARY MORISON

O MARY, at thy window be,
It is the wished, the trysted hour !
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor.
How blythely wad I bide the stoure, 5
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure—
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha', 10
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw :
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sighed, and said amang them a', 15
' Ye are na Mary Morison.'

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die ?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee ? 20
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown !
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

R. BURNS.

NOW SLEEPS THE CRIMSON PETAL

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white ;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk ;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font :
The fire-fly wakens : waken thou with me.

Now droops the milkwhite peacock like a ghost,
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me. 6

Now lies the earth all Danaë to the stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me. 10

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake :
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

LORD TENNYSON.

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD

COME into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone ;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad. 5
And the musk of the rose is blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky, 10
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

She is coming, my own, my sweet ;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat, 15
Were it earth in an earthy bed ;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead ;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red. 20

LORD TENNYSON.

AWAKE, MY HEART, TO BE LOVED

AWAKE, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake !
The darkness silvers away, the morn doth break,
It leaps in the sky : unrisen lustres slake
The o'ertaken moon. Awake, O heart, awake !

She too that loveth awaketh and hopes for thee ; 5
Her eyes already have sped the shades that flee,
Already they watch the path thy feet shall take :
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake !

And if thou tarry from her,—if this could be,—
She cometh herself, O heart, to be loved, to thee ;
For thee would unashamed herself forsake : 11
Awake to be loved, my heart, awake, awake !

Awake, the land is scattered with light, and see,
Uncanopied sleep is flying from field and tree :
And blossoming boughs of April in laughter shake ;
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake ! 16

Lo all things wake and tarry and look for thee :
She looketh and saith, ' O sun, now bring him to me.
Come more adored, O adored, for his coming's sake,
'And awake my heart to be loved : awake, awake !'

R. BRIDGES.

I WILL NOT LET THEE GO

I WILL not let thee go.
Ends all our month-long love in this ?
Can it be summed up so,
Quit in a single kiss ?
I will not let thee go. 5

I will not let thee go.
If thy words' breath could scare thy deeds,
As the soft south can blow
And toss the feathered seeds,
Then might I let thee go. 10

I will not let thee go.
Had not the great sun seen, I might ;
Or were he reckoned slow
To bring the false to light,
Then might I let thee go. 15

I will not let thee go.
The stars that crowd the summer skies
Have watched us so below
With all their million eyes,
I dare not let thee go. 20

I will not let thee go.
Have we not chid the changeful moon,
Now rising late, and now
Because she set too soon,
And shall I let thee go ? 25

I will not let thee go.
Have not the young flowers been content,
Plucked ere their buds could blow,
To seal our sacrament ?
I cannot let thee go. 30

I will not let thee go.
I hold thee by too many bands :
Thou sayest farewell, and lo !
I have thee by the hands,
And will not let thee go. 35

R. BRIDGES.

O SWALLOW, SWALLOW, FLYING, FLYING
SOUTH

O SWALLOW, Swallow, flying, flying South,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee.

O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South, 5
And dark and true and tender is the North.

O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

O were I thou that she might take me in, 10
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.

Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green ? 15

O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown :
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,
But in the North long since my nest is made.

O tell her, brief is life but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the North, 20
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.

LORD TENNYSON.

COME DOWN, O MAID

COME down, O maid, from yonder mountain height :
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang),
In height and cold, the splendour of the hills ?
But cease to move so near the heavens, and cease
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted pine, 5
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire ;
And come, for Love is of the valley, come,
For Love is of the valley, come thou down
And find him ; by the happy threshold, he,
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize, 10
Or red with spiced purple of the vats,
Or foxlike in the vine ; nor cares to walk
With Death and Morning on the silver horns,
Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
Nor find him dropped upon the firths of ice, 15
That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors :
But follow ; let the torrent dance thee down
To find him in the valley ; let the wild
Lean-headed eagles yelp alone, and leave 20
The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill

Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,
That like a broken purpose waste in air :
So waste not thou ; but come ; for all the vales
Await thee ; azure pillars of the hearth 25
Arise to thee ; the children call, and I
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet ;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms, 30
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

LORD TENNYSON.

RUDEL TO THE LADY OF TRIPOLI

I KNOW a Mount, the gracious Sun perceives
First when he visits, last, too, when he leaves
The world ; and, vainly favoured, it repays
The day-long glory of his steadfast gaze
By no change of its large calm front of snow. 5
And underneath the Mount, a Flower I know,
He cannot have perceived, that changes ever
At his approach ; and, in the lost endeavour
To live his life, has parted, one by one,
With all a flower's true graces, for the grace 10
Of being but a foolish mimic sun,
With ray-like florets round a disk-like face.

Men nobly call by many a name the Mount
As over many a land of theirs its large
Calm front of snow like a triumphal targe 15
Is reared, and still with old names, fresh ones vie,
Each to its proper praise and own account :
Men call the Flower, the Sunflower, sportively.

Oh, Angel of the East, one, one gold look
Across the waters to this twilight nook, 20
—The far sad waters, Angel, to this nook !

Dear Pilgrim, art thou for the East indeed ?
Go ! Saying ever as thou dost proceed,
That I, French Rudel, choose for my device
A sunflower outspread like a sacrifice 25
Before its idol. See ! These inexperienced
And hurried fingers could not fail to hurt
The woven picture ; 'tis a woman's skill
Indeed ; but nothing baffled me, so, ill
Or well, the work is finished. Say, men feed 30
On songs I sing, and therefore bask the bees
On my flower's breast as on a platform broad :
But, as the flower's concern is not for these
But solely for the sun, so men applaud
In vain this Rudel, he not looking here 35
But to the East—the East ! Go, say this, Pilgrim
dear !

R. BROWNING.

WHERE, UPON APENNINE SLOPE

WHERE, upon Apennine slope, with the chestnut the
oak-trees immingle,

Where amid odorous copse bridle-paths wander
and wind,

Where under mulberry-branches, the diligent rivulet
sparkles,

Or amid cotton and maize peasants their water-
works ply,

Where, over fig-tree and orange in tier upon tier still
repeated, 5

Garden on garden upreared, balconies step to the
sky,—

Ah, that I were far away from the crowd and the
streets of the city,

Under the vine-trellis laid, O my belovèd, with thee!

A. H. CLOUGH.

LIFE IN A LOVE

ESCAPE me ?

Never—

Beloved !

While I am I, and you are you,

So long as the world contains us both, 5

Me the loving and you the loath,

While the one eludes, must the other pursue.

My life is a fault at last, I fear :

It seems too much like a fate, indeed !

Though I do my best I shall scarce succeed. 10
But what if I fail of my purpose here ?
It is but to keep the nerves at strain,
To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall,
And, baffled, get up and begin again,—
So the chace takes up one's life, that 's all. 15
While, look but once from your farthest bound
At me so deep in the dust and dark,
No sooner the old hope drops to ground
Than a new one, straight to the self-same mark,
I shape me— 20
Ever
Removed !

R. BROWNING.

YOU'LL LOVE ME YET

You'LL love me yet !—and I can tarry
Your love's protracted growing :
June reared that bunch of flowers you carry,
From seeds of April's sowing.
I plant a heartful now : some seed 5
At least is sure to strike,
And yield—what you'll not pluck indeed,
Not love, but, may be, like !
You'll look at least on love's remains,
A grave 's one violet : 10
Your look ?—that pays a thousand pains.
What 's death ?—You'll love me yet !

R. BROWNING

HOW DO I LOVE THEE ?

How do I love thee ? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's 5
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right ;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith. 10
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life !—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

E. B. BROWNING.

IF THOU MUST LOVE ME

If thou must love me, let it be for nought
Except for love's sake only. Do not say
' I love her for her smile . . . her look . . . her way
Of speaking gently, . . for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought 5
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day '—

For these things in themselves, Belovèd, may
Be changed, or change for thee,—and love, so
wrought,

May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,— 10
A creature might forget to weep, who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby !
But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou mayest love on, through love's eternity.

E. B. BROWNING.

✓
YET, LOVE, MERE LOVE

YET, love, mere love, is beautiful indeed
And worthy of acceptation. Fire is bright,
Let temple burn, or flax. An equal light
Leaps in the flame from cedar-plank or weed.
And love is fire ; and when I say at need 5
I love thee . . . mark ! . . . I love thee ! . . . in thy sight
I stand transfigured, glorified aright,
With conscience of the new rays that proceed
Out of my face toward thine. There 's nothing low
In love, when love the lowest : meanest creatures
Who love God, God accepts while loving so. 11
And what I *feel*, across the inferior features
Of what I *am*, doth flash itself, and show
How that great work of Love enhances Nature's.

E. B. BROWNING.

LOVE NOT ME FOR COMELY GRACE

LOVE not me for comely grace,
 For my pleasing eye or face ;
 Nor for any outward part,
 No, nor for my constant heart :
 For those may fail or turn to ill, 5
 So thou and I shall sever.
 Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
 And love me still, but know not why ;
 So hast thou the same reason still
 To doat upon me ever, 10

UNKNOWN.

LOVESIGHT

WHEN do I see thee most, belovèd one ?
 When in the light the spirits of mine eyes
 Before thy face, their altar, solemnize
 The worship of that Love through thee made known?
 Or when in the dusk hours, (we two alone,) 5
 Close-kissed and eloquent of still replies
 Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,
 And my soul only sees thy soul its own ?

O love, my love ! if I no more should see
Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee, 10
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,—
How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
The wind of Death's imperishable wing ?

D. G. ROSSETTI.

NAMES

I ASKED my fair one happy day,
What I should call her in my lay ;
By what sweet name from Rome or Greece ;
Lalage, Neaera, Chloris,
Sappho, Lesbia, or Doris, 5
Arethusa or Lucrece.

' Ah ! ' replied my gentle fair,
' Belovèd, what are names but air ?
Choose thou whatever suits the line ;
Call me Sappho, call me Chloris, 10
Call me Lalage or Doris,
Only, only call me Thine.'

S. T. COLERIDGE.

STILL TO BE NEAT

STILL to be neat, still to be dressed,
As you were going to a feast ;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed :
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found, 5
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace ;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free :
Such sweet neglect more taketh me, 10
Than all the adulteries of art ;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

B. JONSON.

IF I FREELY MAY DISCOVER

If I freely may discover
What would please me in my lover,
I would have her fair and witty,
Savouring more of court than city,
A little proud, but full of pity : 5
Light and humorous in her toying ;
Oft building hopes, and soon destroying ;
Long, but sweet, in the enjoying ;
Neither too easy, nor too hard :
All extremes I would have barred. 10

She should be allowed her passions,
 So they were but used as fashions ;
 Sometimes froward, and then frowning,
 Sometimes sickish, and then swooning,
 Every fit with change still crowning. 15
 Purely jealous I would have her,
 Then only constant when I crave her :
 'Tis a virtue should not save her.
 Then, nor her delicates would cloy me,
 Neither her peevishness annoy me. 20

B. JONSON.

TO HIS MISTRESS

TYRIAN dye why do you wear,
 You whose cheeks best scarlet are ?
 Why do you fondly pin
 Pure linens o'er your skin,
 Your skin that 's whiter far ?— 5
 Casting a dusky cloud before a star.

Why bears your neck a golden chain ?
 Did Nature make your hair in vain,
 Of gold most pure and fine ?
 With gems why do you shine ? 10
 They, neighbours to your eyes,
 Show but like Phosphor when the Sun doth rise.

TO CELIA

COME, my Celia, let us prove,
 While we can, the sports of love,
 Time will not be ours for ever,
 He, at length, our good will sever ;
 Spend not then his gifts in vain ; 5
 Suns that set may rise again :
 But if once we lose this light,
 'Tis with us perpetual night.
 Why should we defer our joys ?
 Fame and rumour are but toys. 10
 Cannot we delude the eyes
 Of a few poor household spies ?
 Or his easier ears beguile,
 Thus removèd by our wile ?—
 'Tis no sin love's fruits to steal ; 15
 But the sweet thefts to reveal,
 To be taken, to be seen,
 These have crimes accounted been.

B. JONSON.



TO THE SAME

Kiss me, sweet : the wary lover
 Can your favours keep, and cover,
 When the common courting joy
 All your bounties will betray.
 Kiss again ! no creature comes ; 5
 Kiss, and score up wealthy sums

On my lips, thus hardly sundered
 While you breathe. First give a hundred,
 Then a thousand, then another
 Hundred, then unto the other 10
 Add a thousand, and so more ;
 Till you equal with the store
 All the grass that Rumney yields,
 Or the sands in Chelsea fields,
 Or the drops in silver Thames, 15
 Or the stars that gild his streams
 In the silent summer-nights,
 When youths ply their stol'n delights ;
 That the curious may not know
 How to tell them as they flow, 20
 And the envious, when they find
 What the number is, be pined.

B. JONSON.

TO ELECTRA

I DARE not ask a kiss,
 I dare not beg a smile ;
 Lest having that, or this,
 I might grow proud the while.

No, no, the utmost share 5
 Of my desire, shall be,
 Only to kiss that air
 That lately kissèd thee.

R. HERRICK.

TO DIANE

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes,
 Which, starlike, sparkle in their skies ;
 Nor be you proud, that you can see
 All hearts your captives, yours yet free :
 Be you not proud of that rich hair, 5
 Which wantons with the lovesick air ;
 Whenas that ruby which you wear,
 Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
 Will last to be a precious stone
 When all your world of beauty's gone. 10

R. HERRICK.

TO THE VIRGINS TO MAKE MUCH OF
TIME

GATHER ye rose-buds while ye may,
 Old Time is still a-flying ;
 And this same flower that smiles to-day,
 To-morrow will be dying.
 The glorious lamp of heaven, the Sun, 5
 The higher he's a-getting,
 The sooner will his race be run,
 And nearer he's to setting.
 That age is best which is the first,
 When youth and blood are warmer ; 10
 But being spent the worse and worst
 Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry ;
For having lost but once your prime, 15
You may for ever tarry.

R. HERRICK.

GO, LOVELY ROSE

Go, lovely rose !
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be. 5

Tell her that 's young
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died. 10

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired :
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired ;
And not blush so to be admired. 15

Then die ! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee :
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair ! 20

E. WALLER.

TO HIS COY MISTRESS

HAD we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side 5
Shouldst rubies find : I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the flood,
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews ; 10
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires and more slow ;
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze ;
Two hundred to adore each breast, 15
But thirty thousand to the rest ;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate. 20
But at my back I always hear
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near,
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found, 25
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song ; then worms shall try
That long-preserved virginity,

And your quaint honour turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust : 30
The grave 's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.

Now, therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires 35
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may,
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour,
Than languish in his slow-chapped power. 40
Let us roll all our strength and all
Our sweetness up into one ball,
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Thorough the iron gates of life ;
Thus, though we cannot make our sun 45
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

A. MARVELL.

THE ADVICE

PHYLLIS, for shame, let us improve
A thousand several ways,
These few short minutes stolen by love
From many tedious days.

O.G.—LOVE

F

Whilst you want courage to despise 5
 The censure of the grave,
 For all the tyrants in your eyes,
 Your heart is but a slave.

My love is full of noble pride,
 And never will submit 10
 To let that fop, Discretion, ride
 In triumph over wit.

False friends I have, as well as you,
 That daily counsel me
 Vain frivolous trifles to pursue, 15
 And leave off loving thee.

When I the least belief bestow
 On what such fools advise,
 May I be dull enough to grow
 Most miserably wise. 20

C. SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET.

THE CHOICE

EAT thou and drink ; to-morrow thou shalt die.
 Surely the earth, that 's wise being very old,
 Needs not our help. Then loose me, love, and hold
 Thy sultry hair up from my face ; that I
 May pour for thee this golden wine, brim-high, 5

Till round the glass thy fingers glow like gold.
We'll drown all hours : thy song, while hours are
toll'd,
Shall leap, as fountains veil the changing sky.

Now kiss, and think that there are really those,
My own high-bosomed beauty, who increase 10
Vain gold, vain lore, and yet might choose our
way !

Through many days they toil ; then comes a day
They die not,—never having lived,—but cease ;
And round their narrow lips the mould falls close.

D. G. ROSSETTI.

A SONG

THE world is young to-day :
Forget the gods are old,
Forget the years of gold
When all the months were May.

A little flower of Love 5
Is ours, without a root,
Without the end of fruit,
Yet—take the scent thereof.

There may be hope above,
There may be rest beneath ; 10
We see them not, but Death
Is palpable—and Love.

D. M. DOLBEN.

THE SOLDIER GOING TO THE FIELD

PRESERVE thy sighs, unthrifty girl,
 To purify the air !
 Thy tears to thread, instead of pearl,
 On bracelets of thy hair.

The trumpet makes the echo hoarse, 5
 And wakes the louder drum.
 Expense of grief gains no remorse,
 When sorrow should be dumb.

For I must go where lazy Peace
 Will hide her drowsy head, 10
 And, for the sport of kings, increase
 The number of the dead.

But, first, I'll chide thy cruel theft :
 Can I in war delight,
 Who (being of my heart bereft) 15
 Can have no heart to fight ?

Thou know'st, the sacred laws of old
 Ordained a thief should pay,
 To quit him of his theft, sevenfold
 What he had stolen away. 20

Thy payment shall but double be,
 Oh then with speed resign
 My own seduced heart to me,
 Accompanied with thine.

SIR W. DAVENANT.

If to be absent were to be
 Away from thee ;
 Or that when I am gone
 You or I were alone ;
 Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
 Pity from blustering wind, or swallowing wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
To swell my sail,
Or pay a tear to 'suage
The foaming blue god's rage ;
For whether he will let me pass
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and land betwixt us both,
Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls, 15
All time and space controls :
Above the highest sphere we meet
Unseen, unknown, and greet as Angels greet.

So then we do anticipate
Our after-fate,
And are alive i' the skies,
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfined
In Heaven, their earthly bodies left behind.

Digitized by Google

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind
 That from the nunnery
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
 To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase, 5
 The first foe in the field ;
 And with a stronger faith embrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
 As you too shall adore ; 10
 I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
 Loved I not Honour more.

R. LOVELACE.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

I

' O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
 Alone and palely loitering ?
 The sedge is withered from the lake,
 And no birds sing.

II

' O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms, 5
 So haggard and so woe-begone ?
 The squirrel's granary is full,
 And the harvest's done.

III

' I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew ; 10
And on thy cheek a fading rose
Fast withereth too.'

IV

' I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light, 15
And her eyes were wild.

V

' I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone ;
She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan. 20

VI

' I set her on my pacing steed
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sideways would she lean, and sing
A faery's song.

VII

' She found me roots of relish sweet, 25
And honey wild and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said,
" I love thee true ! "

VIII

' She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sighed full sore
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes 31
With kisses four.

IX

' And there she lulled me asleep,
And there I dreamed—Ah ! woe betide !
The latest dream I ever dreamed 35
On the cold hill's side.

X

' I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all ;
Who cried—" La belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall ! " 40

XI

' I saw their starved lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gapèd wide,
And I awoke and found me here
On the cold hill's side.

XII

' And this is why I sojourn here 45
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.'

J. KEATS.

SONG

SEEK not the tree of silkiest bark
And balmiest bud,
To carve her name, while yet 'tis dark,
Upon the wood !
The world is full of noble tasks, 5
And wreaths hard won :
Each work demands strong hearts, strong hands,
Till day is done.

Sing not that violet-veinèd skin ;
That cheek's pale roses ;— 10
The lily of that form wherein
Her soul reposes !
Forth to the fight, true man, true knight !
The clash of arms
Shall more prevail than whispered tale 15
To win her charms.

The warrior for the True, the Right,
Fights in Love's name.
The love that lures thee from that fight
Lures thee to shame. 20
That love which lifts the heart, yet leaves
The spirit free—
That love, or none, is fit for one
Man-shaped like thee.

A. DE VERE,

ON A DAY

ON a day, alack the day !
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air ;
Through the velvet leaves the wind, 5
All unseen, 'gan passage find ;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wished himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;
Air, would I might triumph so ! 10
But alack ! my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :
Vow, alack ! for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me, 15
That I am forsworn for thee ;
Thou for whom e'en Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were ;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love. 20

W. SHAKESPEARE.

A SONG TO AMORET

IF I were dead, and, in my place,
Some fresher youth designed
To warm thee with new fires, and grace
Those arms I left behind ;

Were he as faithful as the sun, 5
 That 's wedded to the sphere ;
 His blood as chaste and temperate run,
 As April's mildest tear ;

Or were he rich ; and, with his heap
 And spacious share of earth, 10
 Could make divine affection cheap,
 And court his golden birth ;

For all these arts, I'd not believe
 (No, though he should be thine !),
 The mighty Amorist could give 15
 So rich a heart as mine !

Fortune and beauty thou might'st find,
 And greater men than I :
 But my true resolvèd mind
 They never shall come nigh. 20

For I not for an hour did love,
 Or for a day desire,
 But with my soul had from above
 This endless holy fire.

H. VAUGHAN.

TO HIS COY LOVE

I PRAY thee leave, love me no more,
Call home the heart you gave me,
I but in vain that saint adore,
That can, but will not save me :
These poor half-kisses kill me quite ; 5
Was ever man thus servèd ?
Amidst an ocean of delight,
For pleasure to be starvèd.

Show me no more those snowy breasts,
With azure riverets branched, 10
Where whilst my eye with plenty feasts,
Yet is my thirst not stanchèd.
O Tantalus, thy pains ne'er tell,
By me thou art prevented ;
'Tis nothing to be plagued in hell, 15
But thus in heaven tormented.

Clip me no more in those dear arms,
Nor thy life's comfort call me ;
Oh, these are but too powerful charms,
And do but more enthrall me. 20
But see, how patient I am grown,
In all this coil about thee ;
Come, nice thing, let my heart alone,
I cannot live without thee.

M. DRAYTON.

FOLLOW THY FAIR SUN

FOLLOW thy fair sun, unhappy shadow,
Though thou be black as night,
And she made all of light ;
Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow.

Follow her whose light thy light depriveth, 5
Though here thou livest disgraced,
And she in heaven is placed ;
Yet follow her whose light the world reviveth,

Follow those pure beams, whose beauty burneth, .
That so have scorched thee, 10
As thou still black must be,
Till her kind beams thy black to brightness turneth.

Follow her while yet her glory shineth :
There comes a luckless night
That will dim all her light ; 15
And this the black unhappy shade divineth.

Follow still since so thy Fates ordained ;
The sun must have his shade,
Till both at once do fade,
The sun still proud, the shadow still disdained. 20

T. CAMPION.

FOLLOW YOUR SAINT

FOLLOW your Saint, follow with accents sweet ;
Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet :
There, wrapped in cloud of sorrow, pity move,
And tell the ravisher of my soul I perish for her love.
But if she scorns my never-ceasing pain, 5
Then burst with sighing in her sight, and ne'er return
again.

All that I sang still to her praise did tend,
Still she was first, still she my songs did end.
Yet she my love and music both doth fly,
The music that her echo is, and beauty's sympathy ;
Then let my notes pursue her scornful flight : 11
It shall suffice that they were breathed and died for
her delight.

T. CAMPION.

THOU ART NOT FAIR

THOU art not fair, for all thy red and white,
For all those rosy ornaments in thee ;
Thou art not sweet, though made of mere delight,
Nor fair, nor sweet, unless thou pity me.
I will not soothe thy fancies : thou shalt prove 5
That beauty is no beauty without love.

Yet love not me, nor seek thou to allure

My thoughts with beauty, were it more divine ;
Thy smiles and kisses I cannot endure,

I'll not be wrapped up in those arms of thine : 10
Now show it, if thou be a woman right,—
Embrace, and kiss, and love me, in despite.

T. CAMPION.

WERE MY HEART AS SOME MEN'S ARE

WERE my heart as some men's are, thy errors would
not move me ;

But thy faults I curious find and speak because
I love thee :

Patience is a thing divine, and far, I grant, above me.

Foes sometimes befriend us more, our blacker deeds
objecting,

Than the obsequious bosom-guest with false respect
affecting, 5

Friendship is the glass of Truth, our hidden stains
detecting.

While I use of eyes enjoy, and inward light of reason,
Thy observer will I be and censor, but in season :
Hidden mischief to conceal in State and Love is
treason.

T. CAMPION.

JE NE SAIS QUOI

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
 And Celia has undone me !
 And yet I'll swear I can't tell how
 The pleasing plague stole on me.

'Tis not her face that love creates, 5
 For there no graces revel ;
 'Tis not her shape, for there the Fates
 Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for, sure, in that
 There 's nothing more than common ; 10
 And all her sense is only chat,
 Like any other woman.

Her voice, her touch, might give the alarm,
 'Twas both, perhaps, or neither !
 In short, 'twas that provoking charm 15
 Of Celia all together.

W. WHITEHEAD.

UNGRATEFUL BEAUTY THREATENED

KNOW, Celia, since thou art so proud, *
 'Twas I that gave thee thy renown ;
 Thou hadst in the forgotten crowd
 Of common beauties lived unknown,
 Had not my verse exhaled thy name, 5
 And with it impeded the wings of Fame.

That killing power is none of thine :
 I gave it to thy voice and eyes ;
 Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine ;
 Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies ; 10
 Then dart not from thy borrowed sphere
 Lightning on him that fixed thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
 Lest what I made I uncreate ;
 Let fools thy mystic forms adore, 15
 I know thee in thy mortal state :
 Wise poets, that wrapt Truth in tales,
 Knew her themselves through all her veils.

T. CAREW.

LOVE'S DEITY

I LONG to talk with some old lover's ghost,
 Who died before the god of love was born :
 I cannot think that he, who then loved most,
 Sunk so low as to love one which did scorn.
 But since this god produced a destiny, 5
 And that vice-nature, custom, lets it be ;
 I must love her, that loves not me.

Sure, they which made him god, meant not so much,
 Nor he in his young godhead practised it ;
 But when an even flame two hearts did touch, 10
 His office was indulgently to fit

O.G.—LOVE

G

Actives to passives. Correspondency
 Only his subject was ; it cannot be
 Love, till I love her, that loves me.

But every modern god will now extend 15
 His vast prerogative, as far as Jove.
 To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,
 All is the purlieu of the god of love.
 Oh were we wakened by this tyranny
 To ungod this child again, it could not be 20
 I should love her, who loves not me.

Rebel and atheist too, why murmur I,
 As though I felt the worst that love could do ?
 Love might make me leave loving, or might try
 A deeper plague, to make her love me too ; 25
 Which, since she loves before, I'm loath to see ;
 Falsehood is worse than hate ; and that must be,
 If she whom I love, should love me.

J. DONNE.

NEVER LOVE UNLESS—

NEVER love unless you can
 Bear with all the faults of man :
 Men sometimes will jealous be,
 Though but little cause they see ;
 And hang the head, as discontent, 5
 And speak what straight they will repent.

Men that but one Saint adore,
 Make a show of love to more :
 Beauty must be scorned in none,
 Though but truly served in one : 10
 For what is courtship, but disguise ?
 True hearts may have dissembling eyes.

Men when their affairs require,
 Must awhile themselves retire :
 Sometimes hunt, and sometimes hawk, 15
 And not ever sit and talk.
 If these, and such like you can bear,
 Then like, and love, and never fear.

T. CAMPION.

WOOING STUFF

FAINT Amorist ! what, dost thou think
 To taste Love's honey, and not drink
 One dram of gall ? or to devour
 A world of sweet, and taste no sour ?
 Dost thou ever think to enter 5
 The Elysian fields, that dar'st not venture
 In Charon's barge ? A lover's mind
 Must use to sail with every wind.
 He that loves, and fears to try,
 Learns his mistress to deny. 10
 Doth she chide thee ? 'Tis to show it,
 That thy coldness makes her do it.

Is she silent ? Is she mute ?
 Silence fully grants thy suit.
 Doth she pout and leave the room ? 15
 Then she goes, to bid thee come.
 Is she sick ? Why then, be sure
 She invites thee to the cure.
 Doth she cross thy suit with ' No ' ?
 Tush ! She loves to hear thee woo. 20
 Doth she call the faith of man
 In question ? Nay, she loves thee then.
 And if e'er she makes a blot,
 She 's lost if that thou hitt'st her not.
 He that after ten denials 25
 Dares attempt no further trials,
 Hath no warrant to acquire
 The dainties of his chaste desire.

SIR P. SIDNEY.

SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman 's fair ?
 Or make pale my cheeks with care
 'Cause another's rosy are ?
 Be she fairer than the day, 5
 Or the flowery meads in May—
 If she think not well to me
 What care I how fair she be ?

1640

Shall my silly heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind ; 10
Or a well-disposèd nature
Joinèd with a lovely feature ?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove, or pelican,
If she be not so to me, 15
What care I how kind she be ?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love ?
Or her well-deserving, known,
Make me quite forget mine own ? 20
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may merit name of Best,
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be ?

'Cause her fortune seems too high, 25
Shall I play the fool, and die ?
She that bears a noble mind,
If not outward helps she find,
Thinks what with them he would do
That without them dares her woo ; 30
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be ?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
 I will ne'er the more despair :
 If she love me, this believe, 35
 I will die ere she shall grieve :
 If she slight me when I woo,
 I can scorn and let her go ;
 For if she be not for me,
 What care I for whom she be ? 40

G. WITHER.

WHY SO PALE AND WAN, FOND LOVER

Why so pale and wan, fond lover ?
 Prithee, why so pale ?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail ?
 Prithee, why so pale ? 5

Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?
 Prithee, why so mute ?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do 't ?
 Prithee, why so mute ? 10

Quit, quit, for shame ! this will not move,
 This cannot take her ;
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her :
 The Devil take her ! 15

SIR J. SUCKLING.

A HUE AND CRY AFTER FAIR AMORET

FAIR Amoret is gone astray !

Pursue and seek her, every lover !

I'll tell the signs by which you may

The wandering shepherdess discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,

5

Both studied, though both seem neglected :

Careless she is, with artful care ;

Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill, her eyes dart every glance ;

9

Yet change so soon, you'd ne'er suspect them :

For she'd persuade, they wound by chance ;

Though certain aim and art direct them.

She likes herself, yet others hates

For that which in herself she prizes,

And, while she laughs at them, forgets

15

She is the thing that she despises.

W. CONGREVE.

TAKE, OH ! TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY

TAKE, oh ! take those lips away,

That so sweetly were forsworn,

And those eyes like break of day,

Lights that do mislead the morn !

But my kisses bring again,

5

Seals of love, though sealed in vain.

Hide, oh ! hide those hills of snow,
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,
 On whose tops the pinks that grow
 Are of those that April wears ! 10
 But first set my poor heart free,
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

F. BEAUMONT AND J. FLETCHER.

A WEARY LOT IS THINE

‘ A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,
 A weary lot is thine !
 To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
 And press the rue for wine !
 A lightsome eye, a soldier’s mien, 5
 A feather of the blue,
 A doublet of the Lincoln green—
 No more of me you knew,
 My love !
 No more of me you knew. 10

‘This morn is merry June, I trow,
 The rose is budding fain ;
 But she shall bloom in winter snow
 Ere we two meet again.’
 He turned his charger as he spake, 15
 Upon the river shore,
 He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
 Said, ‘ Adieu for evermore,
 My love !
 And adieu for evermore.’ 20

SIR W. SCOTT.

LOVE STILL HAS SOMETHING OF THE SEA

Love still has something of the sea
From whence his mother rose ;
No time his slaves from doubt can free,
Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalmed in clearest days, 5
And in rough weather tossed ;
They wither under cold delays,
Or are in tempests lost.

One while, they seem to touch the port :
Then straight into the main, 10
Some angry wind in cruel sport,
Their vessel drives again.

SIR C. SEDLEY.

ONE YEAR AGO

One year ago my path was green,
My footstep light, my brow serene ;
Alas ! and could it have been so
One year ago ?

There is a love that is to last 5
When the hot days of youth are past :
Such love did a sweet maid bestow
One year ago.

I took a leaflet from her braid
And gave it to another maid. 10
Love ! broken should have been thy bow
One year ago.

W. S. LANDOR.

PROUD WORD YOU NEVER SPOKE

PROUD word you never spoke, but you will speak
Four not exempt from pride some future day.
Resting on one white hand a warm wet cheek,
Over my open volume you will say
‘ This man loved *me* ! ’—then rise and trip away.

W. S. LANDOR.

THE MAID I LOVE

THE maid I love ne’er thought of me
Amid the scenes of gaiety ;
But when her heart or mine sank low,
Ah, then it was no longer so !
From the slant palm she raised her head, 5
And kissed the cheek whence youth had fled.
Angels ! some future day for this
Give her as sweet and pure a kiss.

W. S. LANDOR.

SINCE THERE 'S NO HELP

SINCE there 's no help, come let us kiss and part,
Nay, I have done : you get no more of me,
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly, I myself can free ;
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows, 5
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows,
That we one jot of former love retain ;
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies, 10
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now if thou would'st, when all have given him
over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

M. DRAYTON.

BONNIE DOON

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair ?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care ?
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird, 5
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn :
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine ; 10
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree ;
And my fause lover stole my rose, 15
But ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.

R. BURNS.

WHEN WE TWO PARTED

WHEN we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold, 5
Colder thy kiss ;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow— 10
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame :
I hear thy name spoken, 15
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
 A knell to mine ear ;
 A shudder comes o'er me—
 Why wert thou so dear ? 20
 They know not I knew thee,
 Who knew thee too well :—
 Long, long shall I rue thee,
 Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met— 25
 In silence I grieve,
 That thy heart could forget,
 Thy spirit deceive.
 If I should meet thee
 After long years, 30
 How should I greet thee ?—
 With silence and tears.

LORD BYRON.

THE GRAVE OF LOVE

I DUG, beneath the cypress shade,
 What well might seem an elfin's grave ;
 And every pledge in earth I laid,
 That erst thy false affection gave.

I pressed them down the sod beneath ; 5
 I placed one mossy stone above ;
 And twined the rose's fading wreath
 Around the sepulchre of love.

Frail as thy love, the flowers were dead,
 Ere yet the evening sun was set : 10
 But years shall see the cypress spread,
 Immutable as my regret.

T. L. PEACOCK.

A SUPERScription

Look in my face ; my name is Might-have-been ;
 I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell ;
 Unto thine ear I hold the dead-sea shell
 Cast up thy Life's foam-fretted feet between ;
 Unto thine eyes the glass where that is seen 5
 Which had Life's form and Love's, but by my spell
 Is now a shaken shadow intolerable,
 Of ultimate things unuttered the frail screen.

Mark me, how still I am ! But should there dart
 One moment through thy soul the soft surprise
 Of that winged Peace which lulls the breath of
 sighs,— 11

Then shalt thou see me smile, and turn apart
 Thy visage to mine ambush at thy heart
 Sleepless with cold commemorative eyes.

D. G. ROSSETTI.

THE HEAVEN THAT WAS

(A sleepless night in Venice.)

WHEN hope lies dead—ah, when 'tis death to live,
 And wrongs remembered make the heart still
 bleed,

Better are Sleep's kind lies for Life's blind need
 Than truth, if lies a little peace can give.

A little peace ! 'tis thy prerogative, 5

O Sleep ! to lend it ; thine to quell or feed

This love that starves—this starving soul's long
 greed,

And bid Regret, the queen of hell, forgive.

Yon moon that mocks me thro' the uncurtained glass

Recalls that other night, that other moon,— 10

Two English lovers on a grey lagoon,—

The voices from the lantern'd gondolas,

The kiss, the breath, the flashing eyes, and, soon,
 The throbbing stillness : all the heaven that was.

T. WATTS-DUNTON.

ON THE RHINE

VAIN is the effort to forget.

Some day I shall be cold, I know,

As is the eternal moon-lit snow

Of the high Alps, to which I go :

But ah, not yet ! not yet !

5

Vain is the agony of grief.
'Tis true, indeed, an iron knot
Ties straitly up from mine thy lot,
And were it snapt—thou lov'st me not !
But is despair relief ?

10

Awhile let me with thought have done ;
And as this brimmed unwrinkled Rhine
And that far purple mountain line
Lie sweetly in the look divine
Of the slow-sinking sun ;

15

So let me lie, and calm as they
Let beam upon my inward view
Those eyes of deep, soft, lucent hue—
Eyes too expressive to be blue,
Too lovely to be grey.

20

Ah Quiet, all things feel thy balm !
Those blue hills too, this river's flow,
Were restless once, but long ago.
Tamed is their turbulent youthful glow :
Their joy is in their calm.

25

M. ARNOLD.

TOO LATE

EACH on his own strict line we move,
 And some find death ere they find love.
 So far apart their lives are thrown
 From the twin soul that halves their own.

And sometimes, by still harder fate, 5
 The lovers meet, but meet too late.
 —Thy heart is mine !—*True, true ! ah true !*
 —Then, love, thy hand !—*Ah no ! adieu !*

M. ARNOLD.

METHOUGHT I SAW MY LATE ESPOUSED
 SAINT

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint
 Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
 Rescued from death by force though pale and faint,
 Mine as whom washed from spot of child-bed taint,
 Purification in the old law did save, 6
 And such, as yet once more I trust to have
 Full sight of her in heaven without restraint,
 Came vested all in white, pure as her mind :
 Her face was veiled, yet to my fancied sight, 10
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
 So clear, as in no face with more delight.
 But O, as to embrace me she inclined,
 I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

J. MILTON.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT

SHE was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight ;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament ;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair ; 5
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn ;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay. 10

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too !
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet 15
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food ;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles. 20

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine ;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death ;
The reason firm, the temperate will, 25
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;

A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light. 30

W. WORDSWORTH.

A WOMAN'S LAST WORD

LET 's contend no more, Love,
Strive nor weep :
All be as before, Love,
—Only sleep !

What so wild as words are ? 5
I and thou
In debate, as birds are,
Hawk on bough !

See the creature stalking
While we speak ! 10
Hush and hide the talking,
Cheek on cheek !

What so false as truth is,
False to thee ?
Where the serpent's tooth is, 15
Shun the tree—

Where the apple reddens
Never pry—
Lest we lose our Edens,
Eve and I !

20

Be a god and hold me
With a charm !
Be a man and fold me
With thine arm !

Teach me, only teach, Love !
As I ought
I will speak thy speech, Love,
Think thy thought—

25

Meet, if thou require it,
Both demands,
Laying flesh and spirit
In thy hands.

30

That shall be to-morrow
Not to-night :
I must bury sorrow
Out of sight :

35

—Must a little weep, Love,
(Foolish me !)
And so fall asleep, Love,
Loved by thee,

40

R. BROWNING,

THE MARRIED LOVER

WHY, having won her, do I woo ?

Because her spirit's vestal grace
Provokes me always to pursue,

But, spirit-like, eludes embrace ;
Because her womanhood is such

5

That, as on court-days subjects kiss
The Queen's hand, yet so near a touch
Affirms no mean familiarness ;

Nay, rather marks more fair the height
Which can with safety so neglect

10

To dread, as lower ladies might,
That grace could meet with disrespect,

Thus she with happy favour feeds
Allegiance from a love so high

That thence no false conceit proceeds

15

Of difference bridged, or state put by ;
Because, although in act and word

As lowly as a wife can be,
Her manners, when they call me lord,

Remind me 'tis by courtesy ;

20

Not with her least consent of will,

Which would my proud affection hurt,
But by the noble style that still

Imputes an unattained desert ;

Because her gay and lofty brows,

25

When all is won which hope can ask,
Reflect a light of hopeless snows

That bright in virgin ether bask ;

Because, though free of the outer court
 I am, this Temple keeps its shrine 30
 Sacred to Heaven ; because, in short,
 She 's not and never can be mine.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

TO ANTHEA

Now is the time, when all the lights wax dim ;
 And thou, Anthea, must withdraw from him
 Who was thy servant : Dearest, bury me
 Under that holy-oak, or gospel-tree ;
 Where, though thou see'st not, thou mayst think upon
 Me, when thou yearly go'st procession ; 6
 Or for mine honour, lay me in that tomb
 In which thy sacred reliques shall have room ;
 For my embalming, sweetest, there will be
 No spices wanting when I'm laid by thee. 10

R. HERRICK.

TO —

MUSIC, when soft voices die,
 Vibrates in the memory—
 Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
 Live within the sense they quicken.
 Rose leaves, when the rose is dead, 5
 Are heaped for the belovèd's bed ;
 And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
 Love itself shall slumber on.

P. B. SHELLEY.

ROSE AYLMER

AH, what avails the sceptred race
Ah, what the form divine !
What every virtue, every grace !
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes 5
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

W S LANDOR.

SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN
WAYS

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love :
A violet by a mossy stone 5
Half hidden from the eye !
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.
She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ; 10
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me !

W. WORDSWORTH.

THE MAID'S LAMENT

I LOVED him not ; and yet now he is gone,
I feel I am alone.
I check'd him while he spoke ; yet, could he speak,
Alas ! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought, 5
And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him ; I now would give
My love, could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and when he found
'Twas vain, in holy ground 10
He hid his face amid the shades of death.
I waste for him my breath
Who wasted his for me ; but mine returns,
And this lorn bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep, 15
And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart : for years
Wept he as bitter tears.
' Merciful God ! ' such was his latest prayer,
' These may she never share ! ' 20
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold
Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,
His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you be, 25
And, oh, pray too for me !

W. S. LANDOR.

WHEN OUR TWO SOULS

WHEN our two souls stand up erect and strong,
Face to face, silent, drawing nigh and nigher,
Until the lengthening wings break into fire
At either curvèd point,—what bitter wrong
Can the earth do to us, that we should not long 5
Be here contented ? Think. In mounting higher,
The angels would press on us, and aspire
To drop some golden orb of perfect song
Into our deep, dear silence. Let us stay
Rather on earth, Belovèd,—where the unfit 10
Contrarious moods of men recoil away
And isolate pure spirits, and permit
A place to stand and love in for a day,
With darkness and the death-hour rounding it.

E. B. BROWNING.

NOTES

THE selected poems are arranged on a plan which may be roughly sketched thus. First there are poems on love generally, and these are followed by tributes to persons of fact or fancy ; then there are wooing songs and poems of courtship, and in this section is Donne's exposition of his metaphysic of love ; serenades are followed by the lover's beautiful ' reveille ' of the Poet Laureate ; a little later the lesson ' Gather ye rose-buds while ye may ' is enforced by echoes from Catullus ; Lovelace and his songs to Lucasta are succeeded by poems on lovers' forswearing, which naturally lead to criticism of the beloved, and then there is Wither's ' Shall I, wasting in despair, Die because a woman's fair ? ' ; poems of separation and parting give place to a few on experience of married life ; and after poems consecrated to those ' gone into the world of light ' is, for an ending, Mrs. Browning's sonnet on love on earth which provides ' a place to stand and love in for a day '.

Acknowledgement of permission to include copyright poems is made in the following notes.

P. 5. *Bridges*.—By kind permission of the Poet Laureate and Messrs. Smith, Elder.

P. 6. *Shakespeare*.—From Berowne's speech in *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. iii.

P. 7. *Donne*.—The ' Worthies ' are usually assumed to be Joshua, David, Judas Maccabaeus, Hector, Alexander, Julius Caesar, Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bouillon.

Nine worthies were they called of different rites—

Three Jews, three Pagans, and three Christian knights.

Dryden.

In ' specular stone ' we have a reference to crystal-gazing.

P. 15. *Southey*.—From *The Curse of Kehama*.

Pp. 16, 17. *Byron*.—From *Don Juan*.

Pp. 22–8. *Greene*.—‘Fawnia’ is from *Pandosto*; ‘Samela’ from *Menaphon*.

P. 24. *Marlowe*.—Two excerpts: the first from *Faustus* and the second from *Hero and Leander*.

P. 28. *Jonson*.—‘A Celebration of Charis’ consists of ten pieces, of which ‘Her triumph’ given here is the fourth, the concluding stanzas having been originally printed in *The Devil’s an Ass*.

P. 29. ‘To Celia.’ ‘Drink to me only’ is a mosaic suggested by the love-letters of Philostratus.

P. 34. *Burns*.—Although this is credited to Burns, ‘A red red rose’ is of unknown authorship, but he adapted and improved the old song.

P. 35. Bonnie Lesley was Miss Lesley Baillie, and the poem was set to the tune of ‘The Collier’s bonnie lassie’.

P. 41. *Barnes*.—From *Poems in the Dorset Dialect*.

P. 44. *Sidney*.—This was written later in sonnet form and so inserted in *Arcadia*.

P. 45. *Shakespeare*.—From *As You like It*, v. iii.

P. 49. *Donne*.—This poem, in which Donne sets forth his metaphysic of love, is often given in an abbreviated form, whereby its meaning is obscured or misrepresented.

P. 54. ‘When Molly smiles.’ The authorship is unknown; the date, 1732.

P. 57. *Burns*.—Written in honour of Ellison Begbie. The poet, remarking that it was one of his juvenile works, wrote: ‘I do not think it very remarkable, either for its merits or demerits. It is impossible to be always original, entertaining, and witty.’

P. 58. *Tennyson*.—‘Come into the garden, Maud’ is, of course, much abbreviated.

P. 59. *Bridges*.—This and the poem on p. 60 are given by kind permission of the Poet Laureate and Messrs. Smith, Elder.

P. 66. *Clough*.—From *Amours de Voyage*.

Pp. 68–9. *E. B. Browning*.—From *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, addressed to Robert Browning.

P. 70. 'Love not me' first appeared in 1609.

P. 72. *Jonson*.—From *The Poetaster*. It is suggested that the idea was derived from Martial's epigram beginning 'Qualem, Flacce, velim quæris, nolimve puellam?'

P. 74. 'My love in her attire' was published in 1602.

Shakespeare.—From *Twelfth Night*, II. iii.

P. 75. *Campion*.—This, and the following poem by Jonson (from *Volpone*) are imitated and partly translated from Catullus—'Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus.'

P. 76. *Jonson*.—The second poem to Celia is also from Catullus.

P. 80. *Marvell*.—The poet was M.P. for Hull.

P. 82. *Rossetti*.—This is one of three sonnets under the same title in *The House of Life*.

P. 83. *Dolben*.—By kind permission of Mr. Herbert Paul.

P. 86. *Keats*.—The text is, in general, that of the Oxford Keats, but following the same variations as are accepted by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in the Keats volume of his *Select English Classics*.

P. 90. *Shakespeare*.—From *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii.

P. 108. *Beaumont*.—From *The Bloody Brother*.

P. 107. *Drayton*.—Rossetti described this sonnet as 'almost the best in the language, if not quite.'

P. 110. *Rossetti*.—This has been the subject of a clever verbal parody by H. D. Traill :

... My name is Used-to-was,
I am also called Played-out and Done-to-death.

P. 111. *Watts-Dunton*.—By kind permission of the author, who considered this the best of his love poems. Mr. Watts-Dunton discussed the *Oxford Garlands* with the compiler recently, and showed much sympathetic interest in the series.

P. 118. *Milton*.—This sonnet was written in memory of his second wife, Katherine Woodcock, who died within sixteen months of their marriage.

P. 117. *Patmore*.—From *The Angel in the House*.

P. 121. *E. B. Browning*.—This sonnet, which ends the volume robustly, is from *Sonnets from the Portuguese*.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
A weary lot is thine, fair maid	104
Ah ! were she pitiful as she is fair	22
Ah, what avails the sceptred race	119
All thoughts, all passions, all delights	11
Amarantha, sweet and fair	32
Ask me no more where Jove bestows	31
Awake, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake	59
Bid me to live, and I will live	30
Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height	63
Come into the garden, Maud	58
Come live with me and be my love	46
Come, my Celia, let us prove	76
Cupid and my Campaspe played	21
Drink to me only with thine eyes	29
Each on his own strict line we move	113
Eat thou and drink ; to-morrow thou shalt die	82
Escape me	66
Faint Amorist ! what, dost thou think	99
Fair Amoret is gone astray	103
Follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow	93
Follow your Saint, follow with accents sweet	94
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive	6
Gather ye rose-buds while ye may	78
Give all to love	9
Go, lovely rose	79
Had we but world enough, and time	80
Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee	55
How do I love thee ? Let me count the ways	68
I arise from dreams of thee	56
I asked my fair one happy day	71
I dare not ask a kiss	77

	PAGE
I dug, beneath the cypress shade	109
I have done one braver thing	7
I have heard of reasons manifold	15
I know a Mount, the gracious Sun perceives	64
I long to talk with some old lover's ghost	97
I loved him not ; and yet now he is gone	120
I never drank of Aganippe well	53
I pray thee leave, love me no more	92
I will not let thee go	60
I wonder, by my troth, what thou and I	48
If all the world and love were young	47
If I freely may discover	72
If I were dead, and, in my place	90
If thou must love me, let it be for nought	68
If thou wilt ease thine heart	20
If to be absent were to be	85
In the merry month of May	48
It is the miller's daughter	38
It lies not in our power to love or hate	24
It was a lover and his lass	45
Kiss me, sweet : the wary lover	76
Know, Celia, since thou art so proud	96
Let me not to the marriage of true minds	7
Let 's contend no more, Love	115
Like to Diana in her summer weed	23
Look in my face ; my name is Might-have-been	110
Love, in my bosom, like a bee	18
Love not me for comely grace	70
' Love seeketh not itself to please '	18
Love still has something of the sea	105
Love that I know, love I am wise in, love	5
Man's love is of man's life a thing apart	16
Methought I saw my late espoused saint	118
Music, when soft voices die	118
My Love in her attire doth show her wit	74
My love is like a red red rose	34
My sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love	75

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

127

	PAGE
My true love hath my heart	44
Nay but you, who do not love her	48
Never love unless you can	98
Never seek to tell thy love	51
No more, my dear, no more these counsels try	58
Now is the time, when all the lights wax dim	118
Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white	58
O Mary, at thy window be	57
O mistress mine, where are you roaming	74
O, saw ye bonnie Lesley	85
O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South	62
O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms	86
Of a' the airts the wind can blow	85
Oh, Love ! what is it in this world of ours	17
Oh, saw ye not fair Ines ?	36
On a day, alack the day	90
One word is too often profaned	40
One year ago my path was green	105
Phyllis, for shame, let us improve	81
Preserve thy sighs, unthrifty girl	84
Proud word you never spoke, but you will speak	106
Rose-cheeked Laura, come	27
See the chariot at hand here of Love	28
Seek not the tree of silkiest bark	89
Shall I compare thee to a summer's day	25
Shall I, wasting in despair	100
She dwelt among the untrodden ways	119
She is not fair to outward view	40
She stood breast high amid the corn	88
She was a Phantom of delight	114
Since there 's no help, come let us kiss and part	107
Some ladies love the jewels in Love's zone	20
Still to be neat, still to be dressed	72
Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes	78
Take, oh ! take those lips away	103
Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind	86
That which her slender waist confined	82

	PAGE
The maid I love ne'er thought of me	106
The primrose in the shade do blow	41
The world is young to-day	83
There be none of Beauty's daughters	39
There is a garden in her face	26
They sin who tell us Love can die	15
Thou art not fair, for all thy red and white	94
Tyrian dye why do you wear	73
Vain is the effort to forget	111
Was this the face that launched a thousand ships	24
Were my heart as some men's are	95
When do I see thee most, beloved one	70
When hope lies dead—ah, when 'tis death to live	111
When Molly smiles beneath her cow	54
When our two souls stand up erect and strong	121
When the lamp is shattered	16
When we two parted	108
Where, like a pillow on a bed	49
Where, upon Apennine slope	66
Who will believe my verse in time to come	26
Why, having won her, do I woo	117
Why so pale and wan, fond lover	102
Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon	107
Yes, I'm in love, I feel it now	96
Yet, love, mere love, is beautiful indeed	69
You'll love me yet !—and I can tarry	67
You say I love not, 'cause I do not play	52

TWO WEEK BOOK

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



3 9015 01192 3375

**DO NOT REMOVE
OR
DATE CARD**

